

Wagons!

Have Just Received a Car Load of the Celebrated Milburn Wagons!

FOR SALE!

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware of Every description.

P. HENK.
JOHN MATHEIS'
CARPET
HOTEL

Carpets!

Wall Papers and Window Shades, Damask, Lace and Muslin Curtains.

J. C. OSWALD

Wholesale Dealer in Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars.

PAINTING

W. C. GATE

HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

SHAKOPEE

Attorneys at Law, R. C. Hall & Co., 202 N. 3rd St., Minneapolis.

A. C. LASSEN

Notary Public.

J. W. ARCTANDER

Attorney at Law.

HARNESS SHOP

The undersigned has on hand a large assortment of harnesses of all kinds.

E. H. LEWIS

FOR PRACTICE OF

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

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WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

HOME ITEMS

HERALD AGENT CARVER - G. A. DeTait

REDUCTION IN FARE.

The M. & St. L. Road has reduced the fare to Minneapolis to one dollar.

Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway.

Trains going North, depart:

Train No. 1, 11:55 A. M.

Train No. 2, 1:15 P. M.

Train No. 3, 3:30 P. M.

Train No. 4, 5:45 P. M.

Train No. 5, 8:00 P. M.

Train No. 6, 10:15 P. M.

Train No. 7, 12:30 A. M.

Train No. 8, 2:45 A. M.

Train No. 9, 5:00 A. M.

Train No. 10, 7:15 A. M.

Train No. 11, 9:30 A. M.

Train No. 12, 11:45 A. M.

Train No. 13, 1:00 P. M.

Train No. 14, 3:15 P. M.

Train No. 15, 5:30 P. M.

Train No. 16, 7:45 P. M.

Train No. 17, 10:00 P. M.

Train No. 18, 12:15 A. M.

Train No. 19, 2:30 A. M.

Train No. 20, 4:45 A. M.

Train No. 21, 7:00 A. M.

Train No. 22, 9:15 A. M.

Train No. 23, 11:30 A. M.

Train No. 24, 1:45 P. M.

Train No. 25, 4:00 P. M.

Train No. 26, 6:15 P. M.

Train No. 27, 8:30 P. M.

Train No. 28, 10:45 P. M.

Train No. 29, 1:00 A. M.

Train No. 30, 3:15 A. M.

Train No. 31, 5:30 A. M.

Train No. 32, 7:45 A. M.

Train No. 33, 10:00 A. M.

Train No. 34, 12:15 P. M.

Train No. 35, 2:30 P. M.

Train No. 36, 4:45 P. M.

Train No. 37, 7:00 P. M.

Train No. 38, 9:15 P. M.

Train No. 39, 11:30 P. M.

Train No. 40, 1:45 A. M.

Train No. 41, 4:00 A. M.

Train No. 42, 6:15 A. M.

Train No. 43, 8:30 A. M.

Train No. 44, 10:45 A. M.

Train No. 45, 1:00 P. M.

Train No. 46, 3:15 P. M.

Train No. 47, 5:30 P. M.

Train No. 48, 7:45 P. M.

Train No. 49, 10:00 P. M.

Train No. 50, 12:15 A. M.

Train No. 51, 2:30 A. M.

Train No. 52, 4:45 A. M.

Train No. 53, 7:00 A. M.

Train No. 54, 9:15 A. M.

MARRIAGE

La. New Trier, by Father Magnus Meyer.

er, Jacob Mowissen, of Benton, to Mary

Theresa Wertz, of Dahlgren, both of

this county.

Ready made clothing for sale at cost

price at John Frank, near Peter Hiss Ho-

tel.

CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE

Record from Jan. 27th to

Feb. 30 A. D. 1875.

Wy. Deed. Peter Peterson to John An-

derson, 30 acres in n. h. of sec. 30,

T. 115, R. 21, S. 20, 800.00

Wy. Deed. Georgiana Lewis et al. to

Chas. A. Hutchins lots in Watertown Vil-

lage, 35.00

Wy. Deed. A. C. Hutchins to Chas. A.

Hutchins, lots in Watertown village, 20.00

Wy. Deed. Wm. Lutter to Frederick

Naraberg, n. h. of sec. 22, T. 117, R. 25,

lot 6 blk 16 Carver, 600.

Q. C. Deed. Ench Holmes to O. A.

Peterson, e. h. of lots 4 and 5 block 9, Young

America, 75.00

Q. C. Deed. James Sleam Jr. O. A.

Peterson, e. h. of lots 4 and 5 block 9, Young

America, 150.00

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

WASHINGTON HOUSE.

Mrs. Schindler, Minneapolis; W. Van-

den, Chicago; D. Kint, St. Paul; J. Sie-

bel, St. Paul; A. Alquist, St. Paul; Ro-

sebaum, St. Paul; Baldy Sams, Sec. Ros.

A. Leffing, Mankato.

CARVER ITEMS

John Kerker is editor of several

columns of german items in the "Herald."

This will be an important acquisition.

Our german friends will appreciate it.

Gold drafts, and coin bought and sold

at Carver County Bank.

Buy -- We happened in at the Co.

Treasurers office on Saturday last, and

it was a caution, to see Frank taking in

the greenbacks. You know, personal

property taxes, must come. No fooling

now.

The Hon. Mr. J. H. Zanger, son of

Mrs. Zanger, returned from Saint Louis

a week or two ago. Geo. has been at-

tending school for two years steady, and

now is taking a resting spell.

We understand that Henry Gehl is

to open a butcher shop in Chaska the

coming summer.

Samuel Fowler, late of this place is

now County Attorney of Sibley County.

The Jordan, Patterson scandal has

about died out, our people coming to

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions

of a certain mortgage, made and executed

by Elias Swanson and Maria Stina

Swanson, his wife of the town of Dahlgren

in the county of Carver and State of Minn-

nesota, in the month of October A. D. 1875,

and in pursuance of the following terms to

wit: one for the sum of two hundred dollars,

payable one year from the date thereof,

and one for the sum of three hundred dollars,

payable two years from the date thereof,

each of said promissory notes was duly made

and delivered by the said Elias Swanson, and

Maria Stina Swanson and each bears even date

with said mortgage. By the terms of said mor-

tgage, the said mortgagors, mortgaged to the

said mortgagee the following described land

and real estate, situated, lying and being in

the county of Carver and State of Minn-ota,

to-wit: The west half of the south west quar-

ter of section twenty nine (29) in Township one

hundred and fifteen (115) north of Range twenty

four (24) west, containing eighty (80) acres

of land more or less, according to the United

States Survey, and being in the County of Car-

ver and State of Minnesota.

Which said mortgage was recorded in the of-

fice of the Register of Deeds of said county of

Carver, in the month of October A. D. 1875,

on pages 349 and 350, and there is claimed to

be due on the said mortgage the sum of five

hundred and eighty eight (588) dollars and

whereas no suit or proceedings at law or

otherwise have been instituted to recover the

sum of the power of sale in said mortgage

continued, and in pursuance of the statute in

such case made and provided, said mortgage

will be foreclosed, and the said real estate

will be sold to satisfy the debt and inter-est

thereon, and the proceeds of said sale shall be

applied to the payment of the debt and inter-

est, and the balance, if any, shall be paid to

the said mortgagors, or to the person or per-

sons claiming the same, and the costs and dis-

bursements allowed by law.

Dated February 23rd 1875.

ANDREW P. BRINK, Mortgagee.

BAXTER & CHILDS, Attys. for Mortgagee.

Feb. 24th 1875.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE.

Default has been made in the condition of

a certain mortgage executed by Zacharias Thede

of Waconia, Carver County, Minnesota, dated

the 1st day of June 1867 at 9 o'clock p. m. in

book "E" of mortgages page 248, and being in

the County of Carver and State of Minnesota,

for the sum of \$750 and interest according to

the condition of said mortgage, and in pursu-

ance of the power of sale in said mortgage

Minneapolis Headquarters

BY

S. DOYLE,

CHASKA MINN.

Keeps constantly on hand Choice

WINES.

LIQUORS.

And Pure Havana Cigars.

Liquors by the pint or gallon at Min-

neapolis prices.

Jan. 14th 1875.

Notice

We, the undersigned, do hereby give no-

tice, that we have this day formed a

partnership, and have received a fine lot

of Dry Goods and Notions and a choice as-

sortment of Groceries, and would invite

our friends to come and examine our goods

before buying elsewhere.

Our motto is quick sales and small prof-

its.

Dated Carver Dec. 19th 1874.

CHRIST BRISTLE.

A. L. BEXSTON.

ST. PAUL & SIOUX CITY

RAILROADS.

Passenger Accommodation.

LEAVE: 9:00 A. M. SIOUX CITY 9:15 A. M.

CHASKA 9:30 A. M. ST. PAUL 10:00 A. M.

CHASKA 9:25 A. M. CHASKA 9:30 A. M.

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FRANKEN & Co
New Drug
STORE.

"SISTE VIATOR."

"At eventide it shall be light,"
My little one-life power in the great sum of
things
Makes its small pause, a broken day, whose
sun
Climbs not in earthly skies. No finished
things
My affairs hold; and yet, my half-day's work
seems done.

Through all my soul a hush holds me with
mystery
With gates ajar toward every possible delight,
My silent, darkened sick room grows en-
lightened
And yet, a helpless wolf, I lie upon the
night.

cannot reach or open wide one unlooked gate
I cannot stand upon the strangely-lighted
floor
Only look on wondrous waves of thought, and
wait
And send a voiceless yearning toward the
inner shore.

On this night of sharp, of almost con-
founding pain,
Just on the unlit edge of vast realms un-
explored,
Both quivering flesh and unlitened brain
Make darkness where the tugging shadows
wait a sword.

Where mine is Dawn! What shall the pa-
tient watcher see?
A rose leaf lost down where one shall slowly
rise,
And yet go forth to useful years? Or shall it
lie?
The all-sufficing eye of God shall light these
eyes!

The dripping ice that on my burning forehead
is
Is not more grateful to the parched and
aching sense
Than those sun-ministers I faintly re-
member,
Striving to fill an inner thirst still more in-
tense.

Once let me feel the pressure of those shad-
ing
lips,
Once let me, groping, find the dear, mag-
netic hand,
Avalanche of heavenly sweet companions-
hips,
Flying from heart, home, temple, of the
Heiter-Land.

My head, as thou, thought-tangled with the
wondering
Here rests? I only know and feel that God
is just.
With poor's unguessed appeal to the event,
Our needs—the only things that sometimes
are not "just."

Who is that other watcher waiting in my
room?
I feel him, but cannot see his shadowed face;
Is it the strange, mysterious One they mis-
call
Doom?
Thou art surely one malignant of all our
fears!

So, patient, Death, who, who so sweet-
ly
Who with such good appeal to the event,
Death can be kinder, too; it might like this
were dying.
The passing sweet where Eternity nears
Time.

THE LONE CABIN.

(From Peterson's Journal.)
I had ridden hard and fast, and was as-
tonished to find myself coming into a
straggling settlement. On the course
which I should have taken there was
nothing of the sort. Somewhere I had
crossed the right trail and taken the
wrong one. Almost any traveler in the
border sections would have been glad to
stumble upon a place for food and
refreshment. Not so with myself. In the
breast pocket of my coat I carried
five thousand, four hundred and ninety
dollars, United States money. I had
received this amount from Maj. Gen. T.
W. Lacy, and it was to be carried through
of Fort L. Southard, to defray neces-
sary army expenses.

"Get through at your best gait, Carnes,"
said the major, "the money is long since
redeemed, and Southard's rather in-
scrutable. You know how the soldiers get
to owing if me at all delinquent in
paying up. Ride in a careless manner,
it be careful. I think that it is a
dream of the arrival of the money
of course, the mail agent and the
rk who delivered me the package."

I was directed over an unfamiliar sec-
tion of the road, and as long as
considered it the safest plan, so long as
blundered upon the verge of the set-
tlement, to boldly enter and rest as an
innary traveler would do. Should I
hesitatingly on, I might by that act,
in my opinion.

There were only two men in the bar-
n when I entered; the landlord and
hostler. Under his familiar cordial
the landlord furtively eyed me in a
manner that made me wish I was well
with my job, but I reassured myself
by the thought that it was the con-
science of the responsibility resting
on me that caused his glances to be
so intense. Before I had finished my sup-
per, two more travelers rode up, called
for the hostler, and I pushed along
rather one of them came in with
ordures, and the other threw
off down on a bench outside
began loading a huge pipe,
ling carelessly about the room, I
glanced to the door, and the hostler
leaped into my throat, for in
outside I recognized, from des-
criptions of him, Bill Wolf, one of the
desperate characters that ever fig-
ure in the annals of lower civilization.
The man was the huge red monster, the
hairy throat, and the shoulders
up around his head, suggesting
the shape of a mammoth clam—and the
with a deep, dark, and gradually
out my steady at the order, and
a jug. If the description of the
ous renegade is inelegant it has the
of truthfulness, and must there-
fore be excused.

"I'm rough with my supper in
but, whatever appetite might have
my entrance into the bar, I
ed with my discovery. After a
to other fellow came in, having
he said, to look after the ani-
and they also ordered supper. Now
my time to leave, which I did
careless manner, pass-
me commonplace remarks with
men and crossed the dim, smoky
air. As they seemed to take no
ever, I felt my spirits rise
quite dusky outside, but
tler was sitting about the stable
lantern, which emitted but a
ore effulgent light than a white
old have done, but he gradually
out my steady at the order, and
a jug. If the description of the
ous renegade is inelegant it has the
of truthfulness, and must there-
fore be excused.

"I'll go with you as far as the forks,"
he said, as two of them came out with
the coffin and slid it into the body of
the wagon. They then stepped back, prob-
ably to call the others.

At that moment a wild and desperate
plan entered my brain, but feeling for the
knife I found that it was missing, along
with the belt to which it was attached.
In the sudden jostle which the falling
stead had given me, the girl had been
snapped and lost without my knowledge.
The horses of the three renegades—my
own, which had been retained by the
hostler at the inn, among them—were
hitched on the farther side of the door,
where the moonlight, striking by the end
of the cabin, rested fully upon them. It

quarter. The face of the prairie in this
section was a little rolling, but not so as
to afford any shelter, and not a shrub or
bush dotted the expanse for miles.
I drew up my horse one moment to
listen. No chance travelers ever rode
like that. It meant pursuit.

I gave my steed a galling lash and she
broke into a convulsive gait, hove her
head up with one or two plunges, stum-
bled, going down from her knees to her
nose, and latched me literally heels over
head. For an instant I was
paralyzed with astonishment, and the
next I seized the bit to
catch up the fallen animal which had in
the brief mishap undergone a strange
metamorphosis. She had lost her white
face on or in the grass, and, passing my
hand between her eyes, I found the hair
was wet. In an instant I was examining
the white legs—my horse had been peen-
liar! marked with white legs and face—
and I found these sticky with whitewash.

What then? Simply, my trappings had
been transferred to another animal, gotten
to exactly represent mine in the
appalling interpretation of the on-
coming horsemen. I gave the horse the
whip as soon as his unstable legs were
well under him, and sent him a scolding
making for a hollow near a shallow
ravine. Here, to my profound aston-
ishment I discovered a lone cabin, or hut,
about the dimensions of an ordinary
country log-house, and impulsively dash-
ing into this, I gave a rapid succession
of knocks. A shuffling, pale and cover-
ing my own head, I entered the room.

"What is it?" was her first question,
noticing my breathless haste.
I stopped for a moment's reflection
upon the strangely isolated position of
the cabin, I should not have pushed in by
her with the explanation:

"Is there any chance to hide here—my
horse has thrown me and I believe a par-
ty of desperadoes are close upon me."
"It's a coffin," she said, coming up
dry and red in the east, when she me-
chanically closed the door behind me, be-
fore I had finished my explanation.

"No, no; there is no place," she gasp-
ed, her quick eye now catching the sound
of the coming horsemen. This is all the
room there is—and there's neither cellar
nor attic.

"But this!" I exclaimed, rushing for a
dark object in the corner.
"Yes, only a little while ago—a small
man," she said, and then paused,
"you can hear the horse now," feigning
to listen.

Bill Wolf must have been of a sus-
picious nature. I heard him leap from
his horse and start a jarring pink
upon the sod. A smoldering fire was
burning on the stone hearth. I could
imagine Bill's attitude—he had a hand on
the corner of the cabin, and his head was
thrust inside the room, he was peering
about the apartment.

"What in h— is that?" he question-
ed, and my horse stood still, for I knew
he carried my retreat.
"He's in the coffin," Dick is going
to spy it over tonight."

"Stup!" ejaculated the desperado, "as
he made his bed, so let him lay—buz-
zards are the sextons for the likes of him."
The woman sat a groaned, and then I
heard Wolf step up and jiggle the rain bar-
rel at the corner of the cabin, and finally
go away with the remark:

"He ain't far off; he couldn't stick to
that blind critter when he began to hur-
ry."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"
gasped the woman; "he will be back in
twenty minutes, for I believe that your
horse is in sight, not more than three-
hundred yards off, and my husband is
liable to come at any moment."

"But with him inside the house we
might—"
"With him!" she emphasized it in dis-
pairing tones—"he's Bill Wolf's
brother."

I was out of the coffin in a trice then,
you may well believe.
"It is death for you any way," she
moaned, "for I hear the rattle of Dick's
axes already."

"Stay, there's the rain barrel," said I,
in desperation, "they've tried that once,
they may not again."

And before you would be able to speak
a sentence, the water was dashed out of
the cask and stealing down into the arid
soil, and I was left in the barrel, and
the woman dropping a tub half filled with
water in at the top as a cover.

The door of the coffin, fortunately, opened
on the side away from the door, and when
the side away from the door, and when
the rattling vehicle drew up at the door,
I heard a hoarse voice raving and swear-
ing at the woman for something done or
plug having been dislodged in the upset-
ting of the cask, I saw the furious return
of the three renegades.

There was a good deal of loud talking,
and explanations, and oaths and stirring
about the cistern in the corner; but both
Dick and the woman seemed sore about
that matter, and the man perceptibly
refused to join the hunt because of the
coffin.

"Well, you're going our way a piece,"
said Wolf, "likeli enough you'll have the
fun of seeing us wing the turkey."
The conversation was distressingly per-
sonal, made acutely so by Dick asking:
"Is there water enough out there, Jen,
to drink my horse?"

"I'll see," she returned, moving slowly
over the door sill, and then leaping to the
cask she lifted out the tub and tipped my
prison over a little so that I could spring
out. I was behind the cask when Dick
came to the door, and chirruped his beast
up to the tub to drink.

"I'll go with you as far as the forks,"
he said, as two of them came out with
the coffin and slid it into the body of
the wagon. They then stepped back, prob-
ably to call the others.

At that moment a wild and desperate
plan entered my brain, but feeling for the
knife I found that it was missing, along
with the belt to which it was attached.
In the sudden jostle which the falling
stead had given me, the girl had been
snapped and lost without my knowledge.
The horses of the three renegades—my
own, which had been retained by the
hostler at the inn, among them—were
hitched on the farther side of the door,
where the moonlight, striking by the end
of the cabin, rested fully upon them. It

wounds in my shoulder, accounted for

was suicide to attempt seizing one of
them; and the woman with some pur-
pose in her mind went out to the men to
come back and get the last dinner full
of liquor which she had mixed, I seized the
only alternative. I sprang lightly into
the wagon, lifted the coffin lid, and again
creaked into the long, narrow prison.

There was no chance to get out, for I
was hiding place that only a part of my body
was concealed by the barrel, and my horse
that discovery was inevitable, for the
man's horse stood in such a position that
in order to recover the reins he must have
trodden upon me; and there was no
earthly thing as far as the eye could
reach over the plain, behind which a man
could hide. Ah, but what if he should
re-adjust his sight? Can you think
how my heart pumped away at the
thought. You wonder what my plan
could be? I had none, other than the
idea of having only one man to deal with.

The three ruffians were now all in the
wagon, and I was as calculated.
The three ruffians were now all in the
wagon, and I was as calculated.
The three ruffians were now all in the
wagon, and I was as calculated.

They continued to hallow at each other
for some time; their liberal potations
surmounting their discretion.
"Dick," they called back as they were
driving off, "a cool twelve hundred
apiece; throw out your old shell and join
the hunt."

The driver mumbled something, but
the whiskey had thickened his speech so
that it was intelligible to me.
If he did attempt to move the coffin, I
was lost.

They kept within halting distance for
the length of some three or four miles,
Dick smashing the heavy wagon along at
a stunning pace. I expected every mo-
ment my shell would be tested out.

By and by there was a shout, and by
the right; a "tally ho!" as if the hun-
tants had sighted the quarry. Nothing
but an unwarrantable amount of liquor
could have influenced them to conduct
themselves as they did, for they had
called out from the right than Dick
came to a sudden halt, leaped from the
wagon and ran off towards those who were
hallooing.

For one instant my heart stopped beat-
ing at the thought of the hazard I was
about to run. The next moment I sprang
from the coffin to the ground. A few
lightning-like strokes, and I had severed
the traces and the hold-backs of the harness.

The whole scene is vividly pictured in
my mind; the moon-lighted prairie, the
ravine toward which the renegades
were dashing the wagon standing in the
trail; then the rattling of the falling
trails reached the ears of the falling
with a wild shout they turned toward me,
was on the horse's back, but boldly de-
fined by the moonlight. I felt a sting
in my foot, another in my shoulder, but
the horse was unharmed, and the race of
life began.

One disadvantage for me was the ab-
sence of a saddle, but I was riding for
life, and I held my seat between my
knees, and took the broad trail with the
fury of a tornado. But the issue would
rest mostly with the horses. I knew
nothing of those that were pursuing me,
excepting my own white-faced mare, and
could run like an antelope and out-wind a
horse.

Noticing that we watched
rather curiously, he remarked
"I feel uneasy like and smart, and
I'm light out into the air. This don't
don't suit 'sactly, an' I'm goin' to
risk for old Montana again. I can't
in in injury to see 'bout some
ople, sort of relatives like. I tried to
'em to come out this dis,—pull up
akes and go whar a man can breath
s."

Saying this, Lone Bill spat with amaz-
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Halting with his brawny hand on the
door, he hesitatingly said: "If you
swear to anything I've said, an' ef
I'm sometimes known as the 'catamount,'
an' no man don't call me a liar twint."

We had heard to assure him that we
supposed him to be a man of honor, and
that any man who could do his work
was no better than he should be, and a
horse-chief into the bargain.

From the Davenport Gazette.)
Certain parties in this city have been
enjoying a little incident that transpired
at the church of the officials of an ortho-
dox church that was held in this city one
evening since the middle of December.
This deponent has not the privilege to
enter into details, but the fact is, the
brethren had been considering a case or
two of delinquency that had been called
for their notice—a brother had been
where he ought not to have been, and
the sister or two had been present at a social
circle, the majority of the members of
the quadrille degree of moral turpi-
tude—and the brother in question had
taken a partner into one set, also. Some
other facts may have been considered in
the unimpaired laxity of the parties under
consideration; but the seriousness of the
charges was no deeper than the above
above cited—only this and nothing more.

But it so happens that for several years
one of the brethren—a good, honest,
strict believer in the faith, who is circum-
spect in all things—has had a habit

the odd maneuverings of the plain while
I was on horseback.
After a brief but desperate conflict,
Bill Wolf was brought in and passed over
the proper officers "to have and to
hold" until there should be meted out to
him the measure he had given others.

GOLD IN COLORADO.
A Graphic Account of It, and One to be
Taken Cautiously.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel has been in-
terviewing a gentleman from Colorado in
regard to the cold weather there, and
the following incident by "Lone Bill,"
the Colorado gentleman mentioned, is
the result:

"One night Scarred Pete, the biggest
man and best euchre-player in Helena,
was beatin' all the boys at the game and
gittin' away with their stamps like light-
ning. It 'ud cum war'n' no thermome-
ter, an' we couldn't tell how low the
thermometer was. But the red-hot fire
in the stove, and all sort round her, our
knock off the stoves, and we had to
every few minutes. The hands on the
of every clock cracked and fell off, and
one would tick a spade, cos 'twas so cold.

Well, Scarred Pete held two bowers an'
began to play the lightnin' in a vice.
The boys saw it was all up with them,
an' if he weren't got free. You see there
wasn't no water nor nothin' to thaw 'em
out, 'n' that so they pulled Jim and Pete
long as they could. Twa'n't no use.
They'd fix it right then that hot pitch
wouldn't melt 'em."

"We had to let 'em lie thar all that
night. You see everything was fix up;
Next day nor nothin' to chop the ice off.
Yes, stranger, for three days and nights
Pete and Jim were fix together, and
stuck closer to their horses, now you may
be at your bottom dollar. The fourth day
began to thaw a little warmer, and by
night they stood that way. We also
saw round playin' keards, an' me 'n' Ugly
Sam had just begun to get in some big
sucks—me 'n' Sam was pardy, you know."

"All of a sudden like, we heard an aw-
ful crash. I looked round, an' me 'n' Ugly
pictur, of them 'n' Yahooks on the
floor hadn't thawed out. Yes, sir, and
thar they were a clavin' and punchin' and
gougin' just where they'd left off afore
they'd fix together. By that time we'd
all warmed and thawed, and there was a
little fuss. Well, stranger, I'm a
teller you fax, knives was used pur-
sively. But dern'd ef 'twasn't so
an' one cold could draw blood. After
an hour or so the fun let up. Jim and
Pete got to the fun let up. Jim and
fresh as roses. Hadn't made any more
impression on themselves than a flea bit-
tin' 'gainst a barn door. Well, that party
think anythin' but mornin'. We didn't
after. Then she began a day or two
stranger, there was the awfullest, an'
you ever heard on. Them as got out in
bleed 'n' stuck hooks. Fact I'd
bled more'n a sack of flour. But
but one feller got fix'd up and
died purty well. Scarred Pete and
though. You see when she got warm,
the jabs and cuts we got that night
bleed on us, and the bigger the cut the
worse 'twas. Now, stranger, that was
only the worst of the effects of that little
snap, 'twasn't nothin' to what happened
terward!"

Here Lone Bill began to move uneasily
out. Noticing that we watched
rather curiously, he remarked
"I feel uneasy like and smart, and
I'm light out into the air. This don't
don't suit 'sactly, an' I'm goin' to
risk for old Montana again. I can't
in in injury to see 'bout some
ople, sort of relatives like. I tried to
'em to come out this dis,—pull up
akes and go whar a man can breath
s."

Saying this, Lone Bill spat with amaz-
ing accuracy at a nail-head on the wall,
and, wiping his mouth with the coat tail
his linen duster, turned his melancholy
ce and No. 14 boots toward the door.
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above cited—only this and nothing more.

But it so happens that for several years
one of the brethren—a good, honest,
strict believer in the faith, who is circum-
spect in all things—has had a habit

precious and space is limited. The moral
is sufficiently apparent to the youthful
reader, however. Let him go and do
likewise, if he can.

SIMEON SYKES.
AN ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE.
BY SUSAN SAMPSON.

Simeon Sykes, silver seller, straying
slowly southward, steadily seeking sat-
isfactory sales, sauntered soberly, swinging
satchel, systematically showing solid sil-
ver spoons, sugar shovels, small sized
salvers, superior spectacle, scissors, ew-
ing shields.

Simeon's satchel, shoes, stockings, shirt,
skin.
Suddenly something seemed softly say-
ing, "Sweet Sally Slater Simeon soon
shall see." So Simeon straightway
strode stupendous strides, seeking Sally's
sunny shelter.

Simeon soon saw sundry stately syca-
mores standing sentinel, shading sil-
ver spinster's spacious shelter, spied Sally
sitting on a stool, and smiling sweetly
sally. Simeon's satchel, shoes, stockings, shirt,
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referring to St. Paul as authority for all
his decisions on the questions of charac-
ter that came before the Council. And
on this occasion, when announcing his
vote as to the guilt of the par-
ties charged, he opened his Testament
and read from St. Paul's writings to prove
his pure, Scriptural authority for his de-
cisions. One of the Council, a straight-
forward, blunt man in his business re-
lations—as many of our readers know—
got tired of his reference to St. Paul after
his tenth infliction; he wanted the pro-
ceedings to end so that he could go home,
and his motions had been voted down two
or three times, and he was pretty mad.
So a question came up. Said he:
"Now, let us look at St. Paul's opin-
ion," roared the impatient brother, his old
Adam getting the best of him:

"St. Paul be it—d! What's he got
to do with—"
Pastor and Council jumped to their
feet. The profane brother kept his seat.
A second thought came to him; said he:
"I—I—I didn't mean that; I—I—I meant
Brother be it—d!"

The horror was still prevalent. After
a moment more the pastor advised that
the meeting adjourn, and the advice was
followed. All the brethren left the room
except the pastor and the blunt opponent
of St. Paul—and the result of the confer-
ence between the two has not been made
known. But it is certain that the pro-
fane brother is still a member of the
church. His friends of the Council are
very much afraid that this story will get
out on him, though. We trust not.

**The Old Lady Who Was Insulted by
a Horse Car Conductor.**
An amusing incident occurred on the
Madison street cars yesterday morning,
which goes to show that the giving streets
female Christian names is apt to cause an
unpleasantness. An old lady from Kan-
kakee, named Mrs. Paulina Jones, was
at the station by her three nieces,
named respectively Ann, Elizabeth and
Ada, with whom she took the aforesaid
cars in order to reach their papa's resi-
dence on Lincoln street. They had the
car to themselves, and everything went
pleasantly until the car arrived at
the street where the papa lived. The con-
ductor shrieked hoarsely into the car
"A-a-a-n-n-n!" The old lady gave the
conductor one of her looks, and remarked
her niece, "How insulting! Surely you
don't know the name!"

"What a vile
wretch!" whispered the old lady, "but
endure it, as we are totally un-
protected." While she was trying to as-
sume a placidity which she did not enjoy,
the rough head was shoved into the car
third time and beloveted forth, "A-a-a-d!"
"Goodness gracious, girls!" cried the old
lady, "let us get out of the car. I can
stand this no longer," but by this time
the nieces saw through the joke and in-
sisted that the old lady should not stir.

BAXTER & CHILD,
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CHASKA, MINN.
L. J. BAXTER, H. A. CHILD.

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ANTON PERIZ.

No. 6, main street, north of Bridge Square,
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and Cigars. Give me a call, and try some top
year old bourbon.

CLARK HOUSE.

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The Weekly Valley Herald.

A. L. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.

VOLUME 13

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25 1875

TERMS, \$1.50 Per Annum.

NUMBER 29

The Valley Herald

Official County Paper.

A. L. DU TOIT, Publisher.

H. A. CHILD, Editor.

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Only six more days for the present
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publican members retire to private life.

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Congress has passed a bill for the bene-
fit of Bill King, so that he may be indicted
for perjury, notwithstanding his ab-
sence in Canada.

Now Bill will write another little epistle
to, "the Congress of the United States."

—0—

A few more witnesses like Mrs. Moulton
and Mrs. Cry will cause Boedcher to hang
on the "ragged edge" and wish he were
dead, for sure.

—0—

Hon. H. B. Strait has introduced a bill
in Congress providing for the transfer of
the Hastings and Dakota Railroad land
grant, if the company fail to complete its
road within the ten years, for the purpose
of constructing a series of locks and dams
on the Minnesota river between Little Rap-
ids and the mouth of Yellow Medicine river.
We are inclined to the opinion that the
people of Renville and upper Minnesota
counties would prefer the railroad, to the
locks and dams.

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be returned promptly.

Dec. 3, 0m.

Wm. Schmidt, FRED RICHTER.

SCHMIDT and RICHTER.

PORTERS & WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN

WINES & LIQUORS.

No. 27 & 29, Nibley St.

—0—

St. Paul, MINN.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1855.

FI CH & THEOBALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

Licenses & Wines,

Direct Importers of

RHINE WINES,

311 Third St., between Exchange and Eagle
Streets.

—0—

St. Paul, MINN.

Contractor and Builder.

CHAS. HENNING.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Wagons!

Just Received a Car Load of the Celebrated Milburn Wagons!

FOR SALE!

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware of Every description.

Chaska, Minn.

JOHN MATHEIS' CARPETS

Carpets!

Wall Papers and Window Shades, Danask, Lace and Muslin Curtains.

To the trade throughout the State, we can furnish Goods in our line cheaper than ever before offered by any house in the state.

Salesroom No. 44 and 46 W. Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

J. C. OSWALD

Wholesale Dealer in

Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minneapolis Marble Works

H. HERRICK & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES, &c.

Shop on Nicollet St. between 2d & 4th Sts.

Work done at our place or by one of the firm.

Chaska, Minn. or by one of the firm.

PAINTING

W. C. GATE,

HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

SHAKOPEE.

All orders left at R. G. Hulse & Co's

Drug Store, Chaska, Minn. will be promptly attended to.

A. C. LASSEN.

Notary Public.

WACONIA, MINN.

Will acknowledge and make out Deeds, Mortgages, &c., at all times. Charge reasonable.

J. W. ARNTANDER,

Attorney at Law.

Brackets Block, Rooms 6 & 7.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

has opened a Branch office in Chaska, with J. W. Arntander, Esq., as Agent, where can be found every

DEUTSCH WIRD BESPROCHEN.

THE ARNTANDER & SONS' ADVOCATE.

HARNESS SHOP.

CHASKA, MINN.

The undersigned has on hand a large

assortment of harnesses, including

the best of all cheap for sale. Good harnesses

from \$10 to \$40. Repairing done on short

notice. Those wishing a set of harness

should better call on him before going else

where.

G. SCHUBERT,

Proprietor.

J. S. RICHARDSON

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

CHASKA, MINN.

Office opposite the Old Catholic Church.

Specialties: Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and

all diseases of the internal organs.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

JOSEPH ESS.

His new hand made and constantly manufacturing

LUMBER WAGONS, LIGHT DOUB-

LE AND SINGLE WAGONS AND

BUGGIES.

He will sell cheap and guarantee satisfaction

to all customers.

Those in need of any thing in this line will do

well to give him a call before purchasing else

where.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice.

Call at his shop. The large lot of wagon

and buggy building just above Bartels & Son's

Chaska, Minn.

Thies & Wolf.

Will hereafter sell all kinds of Dry,

Good, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, and all

HOME ITEMS

HERALD AGENT CARVER - G. A. Du Toit

REDUCTION IN FARE.

The M. & St. L. Road, has reduced the fare

from Minneapolis to Omaha.

Minneapolis & St. Louis

Railway.

Trains going North, depart,

10:55 A. M.

5:55 P. M.

5:55 P. M.

4:55 P. M.

S. W. Lusk, Agent.

Hastings & Dakota Ry.

Time Table.

GOING WEST.

10:55 A. M.

11:50 A. M.

11:50 A. M.

12:50 P. M.

1:50 P. M.

GOING EAST.

2:50 P. M.

3:50 P. M.

4:50 P. M.

5:50 P. M.

6:50 P. M.

Shakopee, Chaska & Carver

Accommodation Trains.

CONNECTING WITH ALL TRAINS ON ST. PAUL &

GOING WEST.

8:50 A. M.

10:50 A. M.

12:50 P. M.

2:50 P. M.

4:50 P. M.

6:50 P. M.

MARRIED.

In Carver by Peter Michaels on the

15th of Feb. Jacob May of Chaska, to

Elizabeth Troll of Dahlgren.

Henry Young Estate.

The total indebtedness of this estate

is \$26,810.40. We learn that the estate

will pay about twenty five per cent on

all claims against it, and that ten per

cent of the amount will be paid next

week by Geo. A. Du Toit, the administrator.

Next Tuesday the tax judgment sale,

placed at the Auditors office in

Chaska, for the taxes of 1873 and prior

years.

Masonic. - Carver Lodge of A. F. & M. E. will be constituted at Carver

this evening and there will be a

public installation of the officers elected, at the town hall.

That popular landlord Joe. Ehlman of

the Northwestern Hotel, Glenwood, was

in town Monday.

Give Joe a call when ever you get

into that vicinity if you want a good

laugh.

Mathias Zahler, proprietor of the

Waconia Beer Brewery has the thanks

of the boys in this office for a sample

of his beer and they pronounce it the

best beer in this part of the country,

and they are good judges.

D. M. Pyle has bid farewell to the

Hatchinson Enterprise, and we don't

believe one of the patrons of that paper

will shed a tear, over his timely departure.

If Asa B. Hutchinson can infuse the

Enterprise with his own spice and en-

ergy it will be a success.

We are pleased to announce that

Judge Sargent, is out again and able to

attend to business.

A surprise box will be given to the

who buys for \$2, cash at the St. Paul

Price Store.

Mr F. Luettich, was made happy

last week by an addition to his worldly

possessions. It was a girl.

John Neussinger's wealth was increased

\$2000, one day last week. It was a

boy.

Now, Feb. 23rd 1875.

Ed. Herald: - Our lively thriving

village is going to improve by receiving

a hospital - for chronic diseases only -

next spring. We all promote this pro-

ject and wish its speedy accomplishment,

but would suggest that no disease what-

ever should be excluded. In all cases

those who suffer on the so-called "Frost-

complex" should be admitted. This new

disease has appeared here lately and

makes our community anxious for its

consequences.

Frost-complex is: "Frost in the bones"

As such a winter as this, the cold in-

trudes the bones and then they break

like glass, (is said by an authority)

Therefore all the fractured limbs in

winter are caused by the frost in the

bones.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

M. C.

-If you want a first class sewing

machine, call on Fred Ellis, at Chaska

Minn.

WANTED.

Five Solicitors for Fire Insurance, at

Carver Minn. Agency. Apply to H.

W. Busse Carver Minn.

CARVER ITEMS.

DIED. - The many friends of Mr. and

Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, Young America

township, and formerly of this place,

were pained to hear of the death last

week of their son, Frankie, about 15

years of age. We understood that he

was taken with Congestion of the brain

and after but a few days of illness died.

Frankie was a promising young man,

a teacher we think in the Sabbath school

at Tiger Lake, a son such as few par-

ents are blest with. It is indeed a sad

blow to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, an only son

too. They have the sympathy of their

friends at their old home. The funeral

took place at their home on Thursday

last, the entire neighborhood attending.

Hon. L. L. Baxter, and Hon. C. H.

Lieman were at home on Saturday, re-

turning to their Legislative duties on

Monday.

Capt. Chas. Johnson and J. O. Bruni-

us, who have been away surveying for

three weeks past, arrived home on

Saturday last to remain over the Sab-

bath.

Wm. Benson Esq. Supt. of schools for

this county, is one of a commission con-

sisting of 5 persons to advertise for

Text Books for our state. The bill we

believe has passed both branches of the

Legislature. Mr. B. is just the man for

the place.

Last week there was a meeting of the

citizens of this place to take into con-

sideration the question of applying to the

Legislature for a charter to incorporate

our town. After a full and free discus-

sion, it was voted to remain as we now

are. In our humble opinion, they acted

wisely and well.

Bidders will soon hear from their mail

orders.

The many friends of Hon. Wm. Lee-

chen in this section, were sorry that he

did not succeed in capturing the Sena-

torship. He would have been an honor

to the place.

Dr. Lewis says, that all parties indeb-

ted to him for medical services during

the past three years, must settle on or

pay costs. He warned in time gen-

tleman.

To The Tax Payers of Carver

County.

From information received, we are led

to believe that a large number of per-

sons will apply to the county commis-

sioners, at their next session for an abate-

ment of taxes for the year 1874.

Undoubtedly there are cases in which

strict justice has not been done and

parties may well feel aggrieved but

perhaps in a majority of cases, the par-

ties have not familiarized themselves

with the tax law of 1874 and have not

complied fully with the law. We hope

all parties, who intend to make such

application, will examine the law and

satisfy themselves that they are not at

fault. We would particularly call their

attention to section 55 of an act to pro-

vide for the assessment and collection

of taxes, approved March 9th 1874.

We do not know of any law giving

the county board power to make any

abatement after the county board of

equalization have met and adjourned

and at that time only in two cases and

these not often occurring.

WEST VIRGINIA SENATOR.

Milwaukee News.

Having known Mr. Caperton intim-

ately for many years, we feel qualified

to express an opinion concerning him.

He is one of the very ablest lawyers in

the Southern States; a powerful and

eloquent orator, clear-headed, conserva-

tive, and as honest a man as ever

lived. Never having been engaged in

politics, except perhaps, in his own

county, he will go to Washington un-

trammelled by any political clique, and

will take his place by the side of the

other able and incorruptible Senators

to whom the people now look for de-

liverance from all the rascalities of the

past and present. The Democrats of

West Virginia, and of the nation, will

never have reason to blush for him.

The Florida Senator.

Boston Globe.

The new United States Senator from

Florida, James, is an Irishman. He

came to this country when a boy, and

has always lived in the South, making

his home at Pensacola. He is a self

made man, and has attained a high

position as one of the ablest lawyers in

the State. He is described as a moder-

ate Democrat, and is said to be dis-

tasteful on account of his political views,

to the extreme wings of both parties, a